The Charmed Iron Pot

A FAIRY STORY FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

AR. far away, in a country none of

AR. far away, in a country none of us have ever seen, there happened once upon a time a very peculiar thing. And you will know what it was if you read this story. In the country of which I speak there lived a small tribe of people who kept themselves apart from the other tribes about them. This especial tribe of which I am going to write were peace-loving, simple folk, who wished to live in harmony. The other tribes about them were warlike and cruel, robbing and killing each other ruthlessly. And this peaceful tribe had been pushed farther and farther tribe had been pushed farther and farther tribe had been pushed ratther and father into the rugged mountains which formed a great chain across the entire country. These mountains abounded with wild ani-main of prey, and gave forth little in the shape of food for the poor human beings who were forced to seek shelter among

them.

The chieffain of the tribe was a fine man of sympathetic nature. He had a son who would some day take his place as head of his people. Every member of the tribe did his part to keep love and because among them. peace among them.

One cold April day the tribe fied from One cold April day the tribe Bed from a rather comfortable valley lying between two rugged mountains, for a blood-thirsty tribe was in pursuit of them. The feeling band of sufferers found a series of well-bidden caves, and into them they took refuge. The largest cave, in which a man might stand to his height without striker bid band arranger the ton was set aside.

might stand to his height without striking his head against the top was set aside
for the chieftain's use. His wife, son and
daughter were with him.
When all were settled peacefully for the
night, compelers having been lighted in
the caves near to the openings where the
smoke might escape, the weary chief—
whose name was Goodman—threw himself before the fire and fell salesen. His self before the fire and fell asleep. His self before the fire and fell askeep. His son, Hannon by name, and his daughter, Sadeth by name, were holding a whis-pered conversation further within the cave. Their good mother was preparing a fishnet that their father might go hun-ling for a stream in the mountains on the following morning, and that he might catch some fish therein with the net. Not catch some fish therein with the net. Not a morsel of food had any of the tribe tasted since the early morning, and not a handful of food had they carried with them in their flight. Everything they owned had been left for the enemy, who, had they found nothing worth while in the railer, would have followed them even to the top of the barren mountains. So hunger was gnawing at the vitals of each member of the homeiess tribe.

As Hannon and Sadeth sat whispering, we may as well know what they were saying to each other.

"Did you ever hear our Grandmother tell of the fairles and sprites?" asked hadeth. catch some fish therein with the net. Not

Sindeth.

"Yes, and I have heard others tell of the fairles," whispered Hannon in reply, "Good old Arrand who used to tend our father's goats told me many and many a time of the fairles. He said they kept mostly to the top of the mountains." "We are almost in the top of the mountains, "We are almost mostly to Joseved Sadeth. "To Jou think there are fairles about us—here?"

Hannon shook his head. "I cannot tell, my sister. But—mayhap they are hear to us. I have been thinking that we—

you and 1-might steal out after the full

got and i-might steel out after the full darkness has fallen upon the earth and go seeking for the fairles. Should we find one, all our troubles would cease."

Sadeth smiled. She had always wished to see a fairy. And now that the thing seemed possible, she forgot her hunger and weariness and whispered eagerly:

"Yes, my horthese."

seemed possible, she forgot her hunger and weariness and whispered eagerly: "Yes, my brother, we will go out in quest of a fairy."

Soon the chieftain's wife had finished mending the fish net and had gone to sleep in one corner of the cave. She lay on a bed of skins. Beside her was left room for her daughter, and in the farther corner stretched another snimal skin on which her son should repose. The chieftain would remain on the hard floor by the cave's mouth. He never cared for the comfort of a skin or of soft, dead leaves. They were for women and children.

"Now is our time to go," whispered Hannon, taking his sister's hand in his own. "Come."

Together the two children crept out of the cave's mouth. Bet there they paused, for a little curi of steam was rising just in front of them. It came from among a clump of bushes. The children stood afright, for since they could remember they and been running from enemies and feared every thing they saw which was not at the instant explainable.

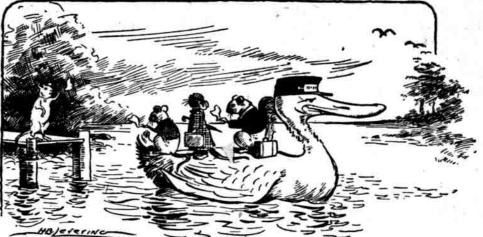
which was not at the instant explainable

But of a sudden a volce from the bushes spoke: "Fear not, my children. Only a fairy has come to help you."
Haunon and Sadeth grasped each other's hands and laughed softly for very joy. "Oh, how could a fairy have known we wanted her?" whispered Sadeth.
"I know coversible the harron for

"I know everything that happens in the mountain tops," said the voice, "Come here and partake of food, for you are weak and hungry."

Hannor and Sadeth went into the bushes and there found a small from not full of holling vegetables and fresh fish.





HIS duck when his money was lacking Could earn not a cent by his quacking For a method by which He could soon become rich

His brain he was constantly racking.

H IS ferry boat idea was clever;
The passengers crossing the river The passengers crossing the river Were levied a dime For the trip each time,

And soon he was richer than ever.

The flavor of the food filled their nestrils | the mountain tops the next morning Han-The flavor of the food filled their nostrils and whetfed their appetites. They soon ate their fill and turned to thank the fairy who remained invisible to them. "Come again in the morning, my children, and bring with you all your tibe. There will be food for each and every one here in this iron pot."

Hannon and Sadeth dropped to their knees and thanked the good fairy for her meretful kindness, promising to bring the members of the trile with them at the break of day. Then they ran into the cave and soon fed makesp on their beds of animal skins. When dawn threw her soft light over

ing you in the bushes."

Then to their surprised parents they told the story of the fairy and the supper in the little iron pet. Their faiter, the chieftain, said: "You have been dreaming, my son and daughter." But, pevertheless, he followed them to the nevertheless, he followed them to the clump of bushes, and there beheld the steaming iron pot. "Food enough for the smallest children," said the chieffain "The older folks must wait fill the men-can catch some fish and find some honey." Then he called for the children of the

tribe to come, and they were brought by their parents to where the pot was bolling. And after the little earthen bowls which they carried were filled, the pot was found to remain as full as before. So the larger children and the mothers were called to eat, and after their bowls had been filled, for little from pot re-

the mountain tops the next morning Han-non and Sadeth were wide awake before their parcots were astir. They jumped up and called to their father, then to their mother: "Come, wake, our father and mother! There is a surprise await-ing you in the bushes."

were called to eat, and after their bowls had been filled, the little from pot remained just as full as before, refilling as fast as a bowl of the rich broth was dipped out.

"A magic pot." declared the chieftain. "A good fairy has taken pity on us—in our hour of need—and has furnished us with food to hush our hunger, and to keep us well and strong."

"And every day, till you have enriched the mountain soil, will there be a boiling pot in these bushes." So spoke the voice from the trees just over their heads.

And that day the men of the tribe set to work to dig into the soil to enrich it, and they planted the seeds of vegetables which they found growing on the mountain and that were good for man to eat, and when the summer came the mountain side bloomed with a garden which furnished the tribe with food. And the lakes and streams held an abundance of fish.

and the wild vines hanging over the caves and the wild vines hausing over the cares became loaded with Julicy grapes. And honey was found stored in every hollow tree, and the tribe became rich and happy.

And not till plenty smiled upon them-plenty brought about by their own thrift-did the little iron pot cease to boil. And in the chieftain's cave—which was made

in the chiertain's cave—which was made more comfortable as the tribe grew in riches—was that little enchanted pot kept, ever hanging from the ceiling as a re-minder of the time when from it an entire people had been kept from starva-tion.

GREAT ARTISTS AMERICA

chance that ms motoer appetence cover the talent of her son. The following story is quoted from a reliable blographer:

"What is thee doing, Benjamin?" A small boy turned in evident confusion and tried to conceal some object on the far side of the chair from his mother, who had suddenly entered the room. Behind her came a younger woman, and both stood looking quietty, but not unkindly, down upon the child.

"Answer me. What is thee doing, Benjamin?" said the mother a second time.
"Nnething," stammered the boy, coloring a vivid red.
"Show me what is to thy hand," she commanded. The lad obeyed. He expected punishment, no less, for the awful thing he had done. His mother took the square of paper and eyed it closely, it contained nothing more than a crude drawing done in red and blands ink. She handed it over to the younger woman with the exclamation: "Look, daughter, if declare he his made a likeness of little Sally." The young woman looked at the picture and then at the baby as it lay askeep. "I believe that is whom it is intended for," she assented, smilingly." "Of course, it is, See the mouth and eyes, seeing no immediate punishment, plucked up courage to reply: "No body, I just made it up." His mother shock her heed and smiled quietly at her daughter. I don't know what the should say to such like, was all the sald.

When Benjamin was in his seventh tear he was sent to school in the nearby town of Bpringfield. On his way to and

ENJAMIN WEST was born near the town of Springfield, Chester county, Pa., on the 10th of October, 1738. The house in which he first saw the light still stands on what is now the campus of Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.

The Wests were Quakers, or Friends, a sect that thought the drawing of pictures a frivolous pastime, if not wicked Knowing this, the little Benjamin made his first pictures in secret. It was only by chance that his mother happened to discover the talent of her son. The following story is quoted from a reliable blog-rapher:

West be the county Renjamin? A

Benjamin West,

Benjamin West,
their uses. One day Benjamin showed
an old red man a crude drawing he had
made on his state. It was of a bird
simon great pleasure, and gave the little
artist some bits of yellow and red pirment which he med to color his body
with. Benjamin ran home with beating
heart and heaming face. On showing the
colors to his mother they gave her an
idea, and from her igundry supplies she
brought to him a plece of indigo. And
thus he was possessed of the three prime
colors—red, yellow and blue.
But when attempting to lay on the
colors—red, yellow and blue.
But when attempting to lay on the
colors—red, yellow and blue.
But when attempting to lay on the
colors—red, yellow and blue.
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colors—red, yellow and blue.
But when attempting to lay on the
colors—red, yellow and blue.
But when attempting to lay on the
colors—red, yellow and blue has
as be was figuring in his mind some way
of providing the bruish the pet cat entered
the room. Immediately a thought flashed
the room. Immediately a thought flashed
the room. Immediately as thought flashed
the room as figuring in his mind and aimost
as suddenly he had clipped the hair from
poor Tabby's tall, tied the soft stuff to
the end of a tiny stick and, presto, passi
he had a brush.

It was sometime later that a relative
of the Wests came from Philadelphia to
pay them a visit, and was shown Benjamin's attempts at painting pictures on
scraps of paper with the aid of crude
colors and a cat-hair brush. He was quick
to note the boy's genius, and on his return to Philadelphia sent a full outfit of
paints, brushes and canvas to the struggilbg little artist.

Ou account of the lack of space the details of Benjamin West's rapid advancement in his art cannot be fully written
of. He first studied in Philadelphia, not
only his drawing and painting, but took
a thorough course in college as well. He
became a cultured ma



Hannon and Sadeth found a small from pot full and fresh fish.

HIS LONG SUITE.

Mother-Well, doesn't my son excell in something? Teacher-Well; he makes more blunders than any of the other pupils.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

WORD SQUARE.

This square contains four words of four This square contains four words of four letters each. The words are spelled both from left to right, and from top to bot-tom, each word appearing twice. The first word is the name of a fruit; the second, knowledge gained from tradition or legend. The third, garden vases used for holding vines and flowers. The fourth, a meal partaken of by army offi-cers and soldiers.

How the Boys April-Fooled Old Aunt Hannah.

ZIGZAG PUZZLE.

guessed and written one below another, their signar letters, beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter, will spell that which every dwelling-house must contain when tenanted. The crosswords are: 1.

Persons who are stupld or simple-minded.

2. Something which boys like to have new in the apring. 3. Song birds that live in the meadows. 4. Something the apring garden needs. 5. The name of a

celebrated opers singer. 6. A substance used by giaziers. 7. To jeer at or to tease. 8. A path followed by the Indians in the early days. 9. A bird that lives in the crags or mountain tops.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES. PRIMAL AUROSTICS—Algebra, Cross-words: 1. Anchor, 2. Liches, 3. Globes, 6. Euglet, 5. Bakers, 6. Riches, 7. Anklos,

This zigzag contains nine words of five letters each. If the right words are guessed and written one below another,

REBUS RAVE

CURTAILINGS

 Triply curtail a small, domed and rindowed roof and get a drinking vessel.
 Curtail a long ringlet and get a 2. Curtail a long mongrei dog.
2. Curtail a plent whose fibrous bark is used for making cordage and leave the fluish to a lady's dress.

PETERED WORD PEZZLE.



To Harry's call, "Come in," the door was pushed gently open, and an old negro woman's grinning face peeped in.
"Laws, Marier Harry, youh ma done
wants to know if you're goin' to go
ridin' this evenin'. Your poney's suah dat restless 'at he jes' paws an'paws in

his bahn."
"Sure, Aunt Hannah," replied Harry.
"Sure, Aunt Hannah," replied Harry.
smiling at his mother's old and trusted servant. She had been in the household since Harry's advent into this life, and she loved "dat mischlevous chile" very dearly. And Harry returned a deep and trustful friendship.
"All right, young Marser," said Aunt Hannah. And she drew the door shut.
"Say," cried Harry as soon as her black head had disappeared from the doorway, "let's get a joke on old Aunt Hannah."

black head had disappeared from the doorway, "let's get a joke on old Augt Hannah."

"Capital idea," said Frank. "She's a mighty shrewd old auntie, and we'll have to make our plans to work carefully. What shall we do?"

"Let me think," mused Harry. Then, head bent in hands, he began bunting about in his mind for a "scheme." "I have it," he said a few minutes later. "Mamma's going away on April first. She's going for a visit to Uncle Peter's family. She'll be away several days. Papa never comes from his office till half-past six in the evening. We have supper at that hour precisely. So Papa and I will be supping alone on April first. Aunt Hannah will be huay with the household, and will not miss me if I don't come home from school."

"Divuige the mighty plan," laughed Frank. "I'm in suspense."

"Sure, here it is," replied Harry; "We'll go to your house after school—let's sea, what day does it fall on?"

"Ees, on next Friday. Well, we'll go direct from school to your house, and you must fish out some old clothes. We'll dress up like poor, haif-starred tramps. Then to our back door we will go and Aunt Hannah, busily engaged in preparing a fine hot supper for Papa and me, will come to the door. She's a good-hearted sonl, and will at once feel the keenest sympathy for us—when we say in weak

April. Harry McGuire and Frank Lincoln were slitting in the former's den. They had just come from school and Frank was spending half an hour nith his chum before going on to his own home. The subject turned upon April Fool's Day, "Say," cried Harry, "let's play a joke on some one. It's great sport, Whom shall it be? Not our parents, for they——" and Harry gave a knowing shrug of the shoulders. He remembered a previous April Fool's Day, "To Harry's call, "Come in." it's going and a certain happening. His father did not relish jokes—when he was the victim. And Harry found it out.

"Nope, we mustn't play jokes on our parents, "spreed Frank, "Nor must we play one on our teacher. She'd probably get even with us before the week was out. Gee, Miss Jackson is clever."

"As clever as she is fine," said Harry.

"She's one teacher in a thousand. I think lots of her, too much to play an April first joke on her."

Just then there came a tap on the garage. Dad spoils enough clothes every pear, so Mamma says, working about the garage. Dad spoils enough clothes every pear, so Mamma says, working about the garage. The garage and with our says to greate the contraction of the shoulders. He remembered a previous April Fool's Duy, To Harry's call, "Come in." the garage and with our says, working about the garage. Dad spoils enough clothes every pear, so Mamma says, working about the garage. The garage and with our caste to forme in." wear, and I'll had another about the garage. Dad spoils enough clothes every year, so Mamma says, working about the garage and with our auto to furnish a second-hand clothing shop. So I'll con-tract to get you and myself up in good

tract to get you and myself up in good "Weary Willie" style."

So till Friday evening at 4 o'clock, Frank and Harry were full of enger anticipation for their well-planned April foolook, poor old Aunt Hannah being their prospective victim. As soon as the signal for leaving the schoolroom came they hurried off to Frank's home, where they took Mrs. Lincoin into their confidence. She gave her sessiance, and soon the boys came forth from Frank's room looking for all the world like two ragged, dirty trangs. Mrs. Lincoin haughed and laughed at their appearance. "Your own parents wouldn't know you, boys," she declared. "Hadn't I known about your disguise I'd have thought you two very doubtful characters. Now, it's half past five, so run along and get some of Aunt Hannah's best pumpkin ple and a cup each of her fine French coffee. And then come back and tell me how the joke went."

The boys, full of suppressed laughter, 'Weary Willie' style."

French cones. And then come cack and tell me how the Joke went."

The boys, full of suppressed laughter, soon reached the back door of Harry's home and tapped gently on the kitchen door. Aunt Hannah was singing an old darkey hymn and stopped as if listening. "Ah do beliebes dat I done heard somebody kneckin" at de doah," she said in a loud voice.

"It's her way, talking to herself," whispered Harry. Then he tapped again. Then Aunt Hannah opened the door half way, looking at them with some show of apprebension. "Bless my heart," she said, making a sign as if to close the door.

"Please, my good woman," said Frank

making a sign as it to cope the door.
"Please, my good woman," said Frank
in a guttural voice, "won't you have pity
for two half-starved men out of work?
We want something to est which will hold
body and soul together till we can find
amployment."

body and soil together till we can find employment."

"Yes, we are willing to work, my good woman," added Harry in a shrill, trembing voice that his own mother would not have recognized as belonging to her son. "We are not real tramps, you know. Only unfortunates. And we bear that you are kind to the down-and-outers."
"Show, Soh," admitted Aunt Hannah, opening the door a bit wider. "I alwers

Watch Boys of Norway.

To specify a common sight to see them from straying, but a watch hop whose duty it is to keep a lookest for a school of fish would indeed be an oddity in this country. In Norway small buys sit is sentry boxes built on stills and watch for fish, a custom pervalling in nearly aid of the lowest along the count, expecially whose making in apparatus as a second of the country.

voices: 'For sweet charity's sake, good woman, gire us a piece of ple and a cup of coffee."

Frank clapped his hands on his knees and roared. "Fine," he said. "We'll make splendid 'Weary Willies.' And Dad's got several old pairs of trousers that he's ples set there to cool. Evidently they had worse while from from the soven. On the store a list table. She poured out two cups of coffee and set the ple, uncut, between them, a knife hands with which they might cut for themselves. "It's apple ple, Gemmake splendid 'Weary Willies.' And Dad's got several old pairs of trousers that he's ples set there to cool. Evidently they had until the store a list store a list table. She poured out two cups of coffee and set the ple, uncut, between them, a knife hands with which they might cut for themselves. "It's apple ple, Gemmake splendid 'Weary Willies.' And Dad's got several old pairs of trousers that he's ples set there to cool. Evidently they had until the store a list the ples uncut, between them, a knife hands with which they might cut for themselves. "It's apple ple, Gemmake splendid 'Weary Willies.' And Dad's got several old pairs of trousers that he's pless there to cool. Evidently they had until the store a list of the kitchen of the kitchen of the kitchen of the kitchen of the store a list of the kitchen of th Harry's eyes had roamed to the kitches, table, plainly visible through the open door, and there beheld two fine steaming ples set there to cool. Evidently they had just come from the oven. On the store a coffee pot steamed and sent cut fragrance. "Just a plece of ple, if you please, my good woman," said Harry. 'My friend and I are fond of ple."

'And a cup of your coffee to good to

"Show," nodded Aunt Hannan. "But donn you think brend an' buttah would be bettah fur workin' men? Ple's jest trimmin's, you all know."
"But we're fond of trimmin's," protested Harry. "So, if you don't mind, my good woman, we'll have pie and coffee."
"Show," again nodded Aunt Hannan. "But my mastah says pussens askin' fur victuals must work fur 'en. Will you alls carry in the evenin's coal, an' take out the ashes an' pour 'em in dat ash barrel back in de alley?"
"Your master is right, my good woman, and as soon as we have partaken of the pie and coffee we'll feel stronger, and then we'll do the chores for you gladly, My pai and I lore work." So said Frank, still assuming his guttural voice.
"But my mastah says work fust and est arter," said Aunt Hannah, preparing to close the door in their faces.
"All right, if it must be so," said Harry, weakly, almost dropping to the ground from fattigue. "Let us work, pal. If it kills us."

So they set to work, carrying in two

ground from fatigue. "Let us work, pal, if it kills us."
So they set to work, carrying in two bushels of coal and out a bushel of ashes. The work done, Aunt Hannah invited them into the kitchen, where she had two plates and cups for them on a little side.

"Sure," declared Harry and Frank to two very peculiar voices. Then, before cutting into the pie, Harry raised the cup to his mouth and elpoed. Then he made a wry face and ran to the door to eject the liquid. "It's sour," he cried. But Harry had likewise tasted of the coffee, and his "pai's" warning came too jate. And a cup of your coffee to wash it down," added Frank. "My pai and I get so little coffee, our travels."

"Show," nodded Aunt Hannah, "But donn you think bread an buttah would be bettah fire workin man." But the coffee with vinegar in it.

them coffee with vinegar in it.

"Bless my soul, is it sour?" cried Aunt Hannah, apparently distressed over the accident. "Ah remember now, de vinegar bottle done fell often de top shelf—right over de coffee pot, an split some vinegar. But I neber knowed it went into de coffee pot. Laws—dat's too bad. What would my young mastah, Harry, a-sald if he'd a tasted it? But gemmen, pleese eat dat pie. I'm show it's fine as molasses candy."

eat dat insteal it? But genimen, please candy."

Harry took up the knife and tried to cut through the pie, but the knife stuck into the filling and when he endeavored to push it through it caught and held something soft and stringy. Then particles of the crust broke away and disclosed an inside of cotton-batting. Harry and Frank sat, eyes buiging, as they slowly took in the situation. Then both involuntarily looked up at Aunt Hannah. The old negress was holding her sides in silent laughter. But when the "trampe" looked at her she burst out: "I'm show done ashmed o' mysuif. Mastah Harry an' Mastah Frank, foh spollin' youh Aprilfool trick. But I done had to do it."

The boys jumped from the table, "Did you know us—did you know what we in-

Little Mary's Dream.

ITTLE MARY fell asleep mouse: She dreamed that every single

night



That once she smelt some yellow cheese

Displayed inside a trap, And when she went to nibble it The trap went "snip-a-snap!"

And caught her tiny, tiny head, And held it tight—just so! And hurt her till she loudly cried, "I'm fastened. Ouch-ouch-

Then she awoke with quivering

start, And to herself she said: "I'm glad I'm not a little mouse With a wire round my head."

tended to do?" asked Harry, himself so amused that he could scarcely keep a straight face.

"Show, I done knowed you," said Aunt Hannah. "An' I was propiete fob you, too. I beared you all plannin' to fool ole Aunt Hannah. It was dat ebenin' I come to youh doah, Mastah Harry, and den, as I was wipin' up de floch of he hall in front of youh doah you done fixed dis whole fool-joke on me. an' I done hall in front of youh doah you done fixed dis whole fool-joke on me. an' I done hall in front of youh doah you done fixed do best ple you ober out the trained dat Joke, here's some good coffee, and here's do best ple you ober set testh in." And you have you have you have the training places upon the "training" plates, and from the pot she poured good coffee. And as the boys imagined and are and told her she was the greatest old Aunt Hannah in the world, to turn the table this way on them, the old woman, till languing, said: "I'm done gied to had dem masse total out, and dot coal-

